Fun at the Colonial Cup

November 30, 1973
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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

osceola

Doing The Lord's Work

by Dick Harpootlian

Tom Turnipseed, the quixotic director of the South Carolina Taxpayers Association, is no stranger to controversy, but the latest bout with trouble may be his last.

His most recent difficulties do not stem from conflicts with utilities, corporate moguls or government power brokers. This time Turnipseed is taking on members of his own group, the Taxpayer's Association. Charges, counter-charges, damaging publicity and a rising number of resignations within the organization have already resulted. And the troubles may not be over.

By now Turnipseed's name should be familiar to those even remotely familiar with the day-to-day news flow in South Carolina. His numerous press conferences surrounding his battles with the South Carolina Electric and Gas Company, the dairy industry and Dairy Commision as well as the Public Service Commission have resulted in an almost unprecedented number of headlines and television minutes for a non-elected state figure. Turnipseed has been able to crusade on the platform of his position as executive director of the Taxpayers Association, which he has frequently claimed has 4,000 members, and which he had hoped as late as a couple of months ago to increase to 200,000 members by next year. Now dissident members of the organization have brought even the 4,000 figure under question.

*****

The trouble in the organization surfaced for the first time on Saturday, November 17 when a story in The State quoted " a source" in the Taxpayers Association which indicated dissatisfaction with Turnipseed's performance as executive director. On Wednesday, November 21, The State carried another story announcing the resignation of Beth H. Broome, president of the Association, and top staff members, executive secretary Elmer Hatcher and field director Sam Dawson. In the story, Ms. Broome said that her resignation was prompted by irreconcilable differenceswith Turnipseed, whom she charged with using the organization for his own political, personal gain.

Turnipseed held a hastily-called press conference Wednesday morning after the story appeared to explain his side of the situation. According to Turnipseed a meeting of the Executive Board of the Taxpayers Association had been held Monday night at which Ms. Broome was asked to resign

continued on page four

Ten Years Later...

by Jon Buchan

It seemed a normal Friday afternoon in Mrs. Grantham's eighth grade homeroom, diddling around waiting for 3 p.m. to come, and school to let out. There was the usual excitement and flirtatiousness that precedes smalltown high school football games. And then came the hum of the intercom, and the shocked-serious voice of the principal. He spoke slowly.

"I have an important announcement to make that concerns us all. Today at 1:30 p.m. [EST] the President of the United States was shot in Dallas. He is at the hospital now and his condition is critical. That is all we know just now." There was a

silence and then the intercom switched off abruptly.

I remember there was some clapping. There was some shocked silence. I remember no tears from anyone. Mullins, South Carolina, was not Kennedy country.

The whites in the rural South had revolted against Catholic Al Smith in 1928 and they hadn't cottoned much to any Catholics, liberals, labor, or big-city machine politicians since FDR. The colored vote (in 1963, it wasn't called black) was still straight Democratic and love Kennedy but there were no "colored" students in the high school. The system was freedom of choice and all the "colored" students, it seemed, had chosen to attend their separate but

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"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbuktu"
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Cheap Shots

The South Carolina Republican Party seems to be recovering from the shock of having its two top gubernatorial candidates—Bill Workman and Jim Henderson—offering Sherman statements several weeks ago. Now former USC football coach and present Richland County Council chairman Warren Giese is considering making the race for governor in 1974 as a Republican. Giese's statewide visibility as a former coach shouldn't help his recognizability around the state.

Another well-known figure who may decide to seek the Republican or the Democratic nomination for governor next year is South Carolina's own Ike Eisenhower, General William Westmoreland. The general hasn't been shunning any publicity of late and his job is ideal for preparing a statewide political base in either party. As head of the governor's Task Force on Economic Growth, Westmoreland had traveled all across the state, speaking to civic groups, chambers of commerce, and businessmen about the economic growth of the region. A new version of winning the hearts and minds of the people, one might suggest.

The publicity has been great. Almost every community newspaper in the areas he has visited had carried a story on the general. *Osceola* had a cover story on Westmoreland several weeks ago and the *Atlanta Constitution* had a large spread on him last week. He appeared last Sunday on WIS-TV's Carolina Report and left the door open for a governor's race next year.

An interesting note about all the publicity leaked out this week. Author Joe McGinniss, (*The Selling of the President, 1968,*) was in Columbia this week to do an article on Westmoreland for *New Times* magazine and for a chapter in his next book on the vanished American hero. It seems that when McGinniss first phoned the general to arrange for the trip South to work on the piece, some of Westmoreland's staff had not heard of the new magazine.

A quick check in the University library revealed that *New Times* was the name of a socialist newspaper published decades ago. According to John Durst, director of Communications in the governor's office, and to McGinniss himself, a member of the General's staff told the author that he had heard the magazine was "communist-inspired," and refused the interview. (Westmoreland's staff assistant Colonel William Ballou denied the incident when an *Osceola* reporter asked him about it.)

An editor with *New Times* quickly got on the phone and convinced the staff member that the magazine is a reputable new publication and certainly not communist-inspired. One of the major financial backers of the magazine is the Chase Manhattan Bank, the editor told the staffer soothingly.

So McGinniss arrived in town last Sunday and spent several days accompanying the general on his visits to nearby small towns like Elgin and Newberry. McGinniss said there was one slightly tense moment when the General confessed he had thought the bank had editorial control of the magazine. McGinniss assured him the bank did not.

But they seemed to get along well anyway. At last report, Westmoreland had invited McGinniss and a *New Times* photographer up to his Beech Mountain retreat for Thanksgiving. ■

"What do you think will turn up missing next?"

A switcheroo pulled by S. C. Supreme Court Justice Joseph R. Moss may cause some grief for the state's attorneys this week. Circuit Judge Julius "Bubba" Ness was reassigned by Moss from Richland County Civil Court to Anderson County Criminal Court and Circuit Court Judge Wade S. Weatherford was switched from the Anderson Criminal Court to the Richland Civil Court.

Under the South Carolina Judicial System the 16 Circuit Judges travel the state spending six months in each of the 16 circuits thus appearing in any one circuit only once every seven and a half years. The Judicial Reform package passed by referendum last November allows the Chief Justice to reassign the judges when he feels it necessary. Most observers believed that this provision would have allowed the Chief Justice to reassign judges only to a circuit where the backlog of cases was so severe that the judge then in the circuit needed assistance to clear the docket.

Chief Justice Moss' action this week apparently came as a surprise to many members of the bar. One member said that attorneys in Anderson who were expecting to try cases in front of Judge Weatherford must have "been shocked" when Judge Ness showed up. Ness has a reputation for being harsher than most circuit judges in sentencing convicted criminals.

While Moss' action may be questionable he isn't going to make any clarifications. When contacted by *Osceola* the Chief Justice said, "I don't have to explain what I do." And that's that.

Although they didn't make much noise about it. The South Carolina Public Service Commission finally ruled on the application by Duke Power Company to build a nuclear powered electric generating plant on Lake Wylie. In a statement dated October 12, the PSC ruled that Duke could have permission to build the Catawba Nuclear Station, as the facility is known. Commission chairman Henry Yonce said the vote was unanimously in favor of the plant.

The report issued by the PSC did not attempt to answer many of the questions offered by opponents of the plan who attended the two days of public hearings this summer (see *Osceola*, August 3, 1973). The written statement by the commission did not address, for example, problems raised in the testimony by Charles Parrott which contained information regarding the alleged increase of cancer and leukemia deaths in areas near nuclear plants. Nor did it respond to allegations by Ruth Thomas, another opponent, that in the long run, after proper safety precautions have been taken, nuclear generated electricity will be more expensive than other modes of generation.

The Commission statement completely dodged the question of possible effects to South Carolina's air and water resources by stating that "the Atomic Energy Commission, the State Board of Health, and Environmental Control have primary jurisdiction" in that area. All in all, the Commission said, "The environmental impact is justified considering the need for power, the state of technology, and the

nature and economics of various alternatives." ■

The September 15 issue of the *Village Voice* raised some new and pretty frightening questions on a subject most of us have put out of my minds. Peter Davies, the author of "The Truth About Kent State," has written an article suggesting there is evidence that the killing of the four students at Kent State resulted directly from a decision at the highest national level that student demonstrations should be stopped at all costs.

Davies first quotes reputed writer/editor Norman Cousins of *Saturday Review/World* as calling for a federal grand jury investigation and asking the question, "Had the decision been reached at a national level that the student demonstrations across the nation had gone far enough and that an example had to be made?" Cousins had just visited the Kent State campus for the first time and examined the site of the shootings.

Davies then goes on to write that not long after Cousins' article, he had a deeply troubling conversation with a respected Washington correspondent for the *New York Times*. The correspondent reportedly told Davies to let the Kent State matter die. Davies quotes his friend as telling him: "There is information in the hands of the government which would cause the parents of the dead far greater pain if revealed by a full investigation than the pain they are suffering now from no investigation. I can assure you there will never, never be a federal grand jury on Kent State."

The rest of the Davies article told of his continued attempts to have the case re-opened by a federal grand jury and not have another "additional inquiry" as former Attorney General Elliott Richardson had suggested. Davies suggests this inquiry was slated to be a whitewash to prevent the possibility of a clamor for a federal grand jury probe.

It would have sounded far-fetched a year ago, but hindsight should teach us to investigate all questionable circumstances and let whispers of "naivete" be damned. But with William Saxbe—former attorney general of Ohio and close friend to James Rhodes, who was governor of Ohio at the time of the shootings—about to be confirmed as U. S. Attorney General, it doesn't look like there will be any federal grand jury.

Saxbe, incidentally, was quoted last week by an Ohio newspaper as saying, "It (Kent State) was inevitable. It had to happen as confrontations grew in violence all over the country. And when it finally did, it brought them to a screeching halt." In May, 1970, just six days after the shootings, Saxbe told the Akron Bar Association that "the blame rests not on the guardsmen, but on the way the children have been raised, buffered from the frustrations and disappointments of the world." ■

Readers Write...

To the editors:

To refer to a woman as "chairperson" while referring to a man as "chairman" is a practice demeaning to women in general. Today's media serve an important function in society and can be very influential in their use of the English language. Therefore, it is essential that publications be keenly aware of their diction. In your edition of November 16 there is a reference to "Commission Chairperson Donna Culbertson." While such terminology is not offensive when references to men in similar positions feature the title "chairperson" (which practice is seldom followed by any organ of the media), it would seem much more fluent and in keeping with common sense to consider men as "chairmen", "newsmen," etc.; women as "chairwomen," "newswomen," etc.; and the impersonal office of position itself as that of "chairperson" or "newsperson." In use, thus: "The chairperson of the advisory committee if elected every year. Yesterday, outgoing chairman John Smith presented new chairwoman Jane Doe with the gavel."

In this way nonsexist use of language need not artifically deny the existence (and dignity) of the two sexes.

Sincerely,
Marshall Winn
Box U-84271
USC
Columbia, S. C.

To the editors:

Julie Britt Byrum's review of "A Delicate Balance" in your November 8 issue was excellent.

However, I feel that her criticism of the price of the series is unjustified. To see eight performances of this caliber with the cream of American actors for $30.00 is a bargain. If South Carolinians are so poor, how is it so many can afford to plank out $49.00 ($98.00 for two) for a season ticket to the USC home football games—with only seven performances? It seems they'll pay for football but not for culture.

Sincerely,
Anda B. Woodward
814 S. Holly Street
Columbia, S. C.

To the editors:

How refreshing to read ("Slowdown at Dutch Fork, October 28 issue) that someone has looked at Columbia's transportation problem and is advocating something other than the laying of more concrete! It is obvious that the U. S. C. Traffic and Transportation Center is one group that is not obligated to the all powerful S. C. Highway Lobby. It seems all the other experts always comes up with wanting more and more highways. Shades of Los Angeles and our helicopter sergeant—when will we learn?

Thanks to the U. S. C. three for some positive approaches to a growing problem. Perhaps, as they point out, autos and highways are not the sole solution to transportation needs.

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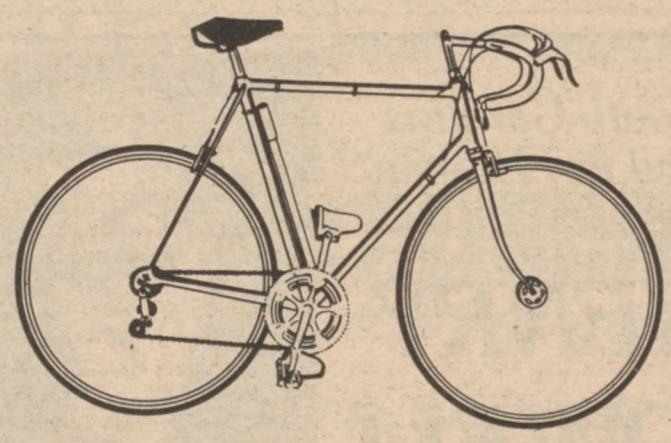

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Turnipseed

continued from page one

"for cause." When asked to explain what the "cause" was, Turnipseed responded that Ms. Broome's main offense had been leaking the story to The State on the previous Saturday. The Executive Director insisted that the Board felt that all internal controversy and disagreement had to be dealt with internally if the Association was "to be effective."

At the press conference Turnipseed was critical of The State for their coverage of the controversy asking, "Why is it when we are trying to help the consumer we get little coverage, but as soon as there's trouble The State runs it on the front page?" The Wednesday morning story had been written by Robert Liming and run on the front page.

Turnipseed apparently wished he hadn't made some of the comments which Liming used in the story because while he said at the press conference of Ms. Broome, "I wish the lady well," in the story he was quoted as saying, "I don't give a damn, she was forced out.

Turnipseed went on to say that Dawson's and Hatcher's resignation were prompted by a lack of funds and that the Taxpayers only paid staff now consists of one secretary. He said the membership of the Association now stands at 4,000, but that there has been an upsurge in membership in the past few weeks. "An average of $60 a day has been rolling in here and we are heartened by this recent increase," the Taxpayer Chief said.

While they hesitate to say Turnipseed is lying, Sam Dawson and Elmer Hatcher will say he is twisting the truth all out of shape. When contacted by Osceola the two former Taxpayer Association employees said they quit because they had "had enough of Turnipseed." Dawson, who quit a high paying job as a pharmacist to work for the Taxpayers said, "When I was hired by the Taxpayer Assocation, I had hoped that this organization would deal with the issues which would help the people of South Carolina, but the more I saw the more I knew that Turnipseed didn't care about the people of this state."

Hatcher says that Turnipseed is wrong when he claims the Taxpayers have 4,000 members, " Hell, I was executive secretary and I know we have less than 1,000 members. What the Board said at the meeting last Monday was to count membership in a pretty strange way. If for instance someone gave $300 they said that because a single membership was $3, then we should count that as 100 members." Turnipseed refused at the press conference Wednesday to let the press examine his membership list.

"...Hell, I was executive secretary and I know we have less than 1,000 members..."

Both Dawson and Hatcher say they became disillusioned and dissatisfied with Turnipseed some time ago bug had hesitated to take any action for fear they would jeopardize Taxpayer Association activities. They cite poor preparation by Turnipseed for the Public Service Commission hearing on the proposed South Carolina Electric and Gas Company (SCE&G) rate hike and his constant "grandstanding" as activities which soon wore down their patience. "The Palmetto Action Committee who didn't get any publicity did much more than Turnipseed at the hearings but they didn't get any publicity for their efforts," Dawson explained.

Perhaps the most damning statements by Hatcher and Dawson concern the Machiavellian methods they allege Turnipseed used to force both Ms. Broome and them out of the Association. According to Hatcher the involved plot began last Wednesday night when the Executive Committee of the Association met. The Executive Committee, according to Hatcher, is empowered by the Taxpayers Association Constitution adopted last summer to do the hiring and firing. The Executive Committee is made up of

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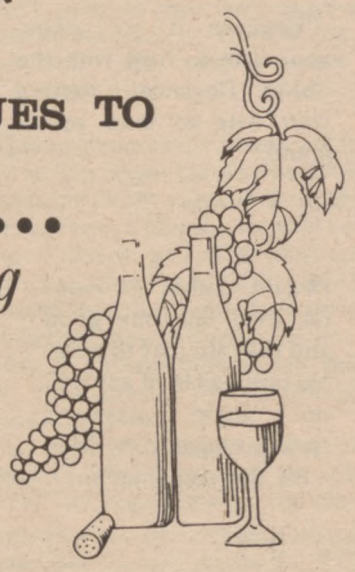

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continued from page four

the President, Vice-President, Executive Director, and the Executive Secretary of the Association. Ms. Broome as president, Turnipseed as executive director, and Hatcher as executive secretary were in attendance while Jedi Evans, the vice-president, was unable to make the trip to Columbia from his home in Charleston. At that meeting Ms. Broome and Hatcher voted to ask Turnipseed for his resignation. Hatcher says Turnipseed walked out claiming the matter would be settled at the full Board meeting scheduled for Monday night. At the Monday night meeting, Hatcher says only 6 of the 13 Board members attended including Ms. Broome. He claims they held a vote declaring a quorum was present and then proceeded to accept a motion from Board member Ben Deckle, a Columbia radio disc jockey, to remove Ms. Broome. When she mentioned the action taken by the Executive Committee as to Turnipseed's firing, Ms. Broome, Hatcher says, was told by Turnipseed that since the Internal Revenue Service had not approved the new constitution, the old constitution which didn't allow the Executive Committee to hire or fire, was still in effect. Over the protestations of Ms. Broome, the resolution asking for her dismissal passed. A second resolution just asking for her resignation was then introduced and passed, which Turnipseed said at his Wednesday press conference was just a "gentlemanly gesture to allow Ms. Broome to resign."

While Hatcher says he isn't aware of any "deal" between Turnipseed and the Board members who attended the meeting he pointed out that the Board passed several other resolutions that night which severely limited Turnipseed's power. One resolution Hatcher claims, came as a result of the $6,400 deficit under which the Association now operates. He explains that the Board felt Turnipseed should be more accountable for expenses and therefore now has to have all expenditures approved by the Board. Another order by the Board, says Hatcher, was that Turnipseed not bring any more law suits without their approval. To date Turnipseed has brought five suits including actions against SCE&G, the Dairy Commission and an assistant attorney general, all of which have been unsuccessful. A further restriction put

Dawson, left, and Hatcher, right

on the Executive Director, according to Hatcher, was that he raise through memberships the money to pay off the $6,400 debt, or he will have to pay for it out of his own pocket.

What makes the situation even more ridiculous is that Dawson and Hatcher say they "know" Ms. Broome did not leak the October 17th story to **The State**. Officials at **The State** in a round-about manner confirmed Hatcher and Dawson's statement. Thus the whole Monday night request for Ms. Broome's resignation was based on a false premise.

Both Dawson and Hatcher say they feel no ill will against the Association in general, rather they are upset with Turnipseed for what they term massive incompetence on his part in dealing with the issues.

"Tom was trying to run before he could crawl. He had $1800 worth of TV tapes made to promote the Association which no one will use. He is always late for meetings. Why we had a major leader of the Charleston Black community lined up to meet Tom and when Turnipseed finally showed up he apparently embarrassed the man by using loud vulgar language in a public restaurant," Dawson explained.

Elmer Hatcher says Turnipseed lacks concern for the average South Carolinian. "We always had individual people with problems calling in and wanting help, but Turnipseed would get mad with me if I spent any time helping these people out. His only concern was making a splash and getting publicity. When Turnipseed decides to do something there isn't any way to advise him," Hatcher explains.

Elmer Hatcher and Sam Dawson don't know what they are going to do now. Hatcher as a first year law student has some catching up to do before first semester exams start in a few weeks. For Dawson the future is somewhat more unsure. As a pharmacist he may go back to his old vocation, but for right now he says he will sit around the house "drink a few beers and not shave for a few days." Both talk about forming an alternative taxpayers group; one which will deal only with the issues and not be concerned with creating media stars. They say they're just talking, but who knows?

Tom Turnipseed told the press Wednesday he is going to "keep on keeping on." Some members of the press wanted to know exactly what Tom was going to keep on keeping on doing, but the Director of the Taxpayers Association won't let himself become diverted from his purpose. None of this talk of dissension, let's get to SCE&G, Duke Power, Southern Bell, the seniority system, single member districts, the little man, and honesty in government.

As Turnipseed put it, "I know this sounds corny, but I'm doing the Lord's work." ■

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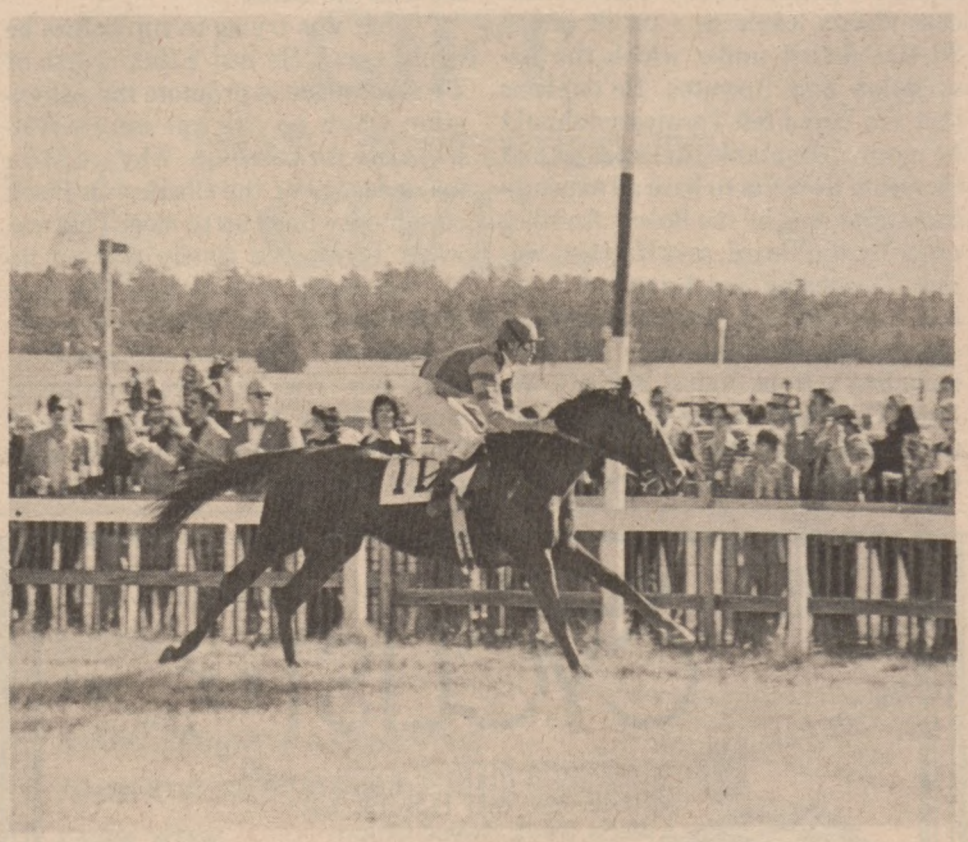

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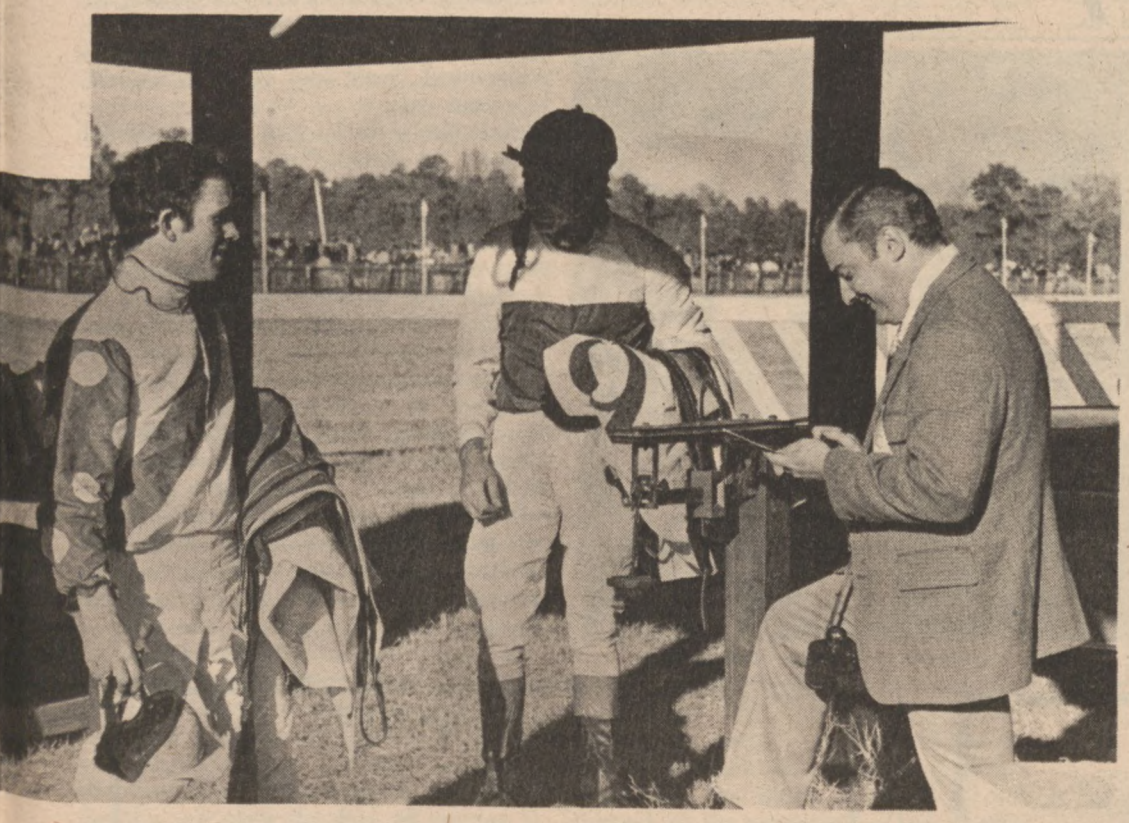

Browzing down the fifty-cent "official program" one last time minutes before the running of the Fourth Annual Colonial Cup ("America's Most Prestigious Steeplechase Race") last Saturday in Camden, I finally decided upon a winner.

"I'm picking Mr. Barcock," I informed a couple of skeptical partners, noting that it was the only horse in any of the races that wasn't American. "Why the hell would anybody bring a horse from Ireland if he wasn't really good," I reasoned. "They've gotta be expecting to win."

Minutes later I watched as Mr. Barcock not only finished a distant last in a field of 16 but failed to even start until the race was about a minute old, and then only jumped two of the twenty or so barriers. It was the slowest, most unconcerned horse I've ever seen. The jockey could have done much better alone.

Like nearly everyone else who attends the Camden races, either in the spring or the late fall, I know absolutely nothing about horses or horse racing or steeplechasing.

South Carolina is not exactly a horse racing capital. Most people here see three horse races a year, the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont, all via the tube. And most of us like it that way.

But Camden is, of course, something else altogether. To most of the people who assemble there once or twice a year, it is a social event which happens to include some horse races. The scene is reminiscent of another South Carolina social gathering a few miles up the road at Darlington. But Camden is a rich man's Southern 500. There's no jacked-up Chevelles, grease, or tubs of Falstaff for these folks. No indeed. This is the El Dorado/Mercedes/Ranchero Super Wagon bunch and the people on hand pose with chicken in one hand, a bottle of bourbon in the other with just a quick peek now and then at the Highway Patrolman turning his head away down the road.

I have always suspected that Camden crowds are probably football crowds momentarily trapped without a big game. Big transitor radios booming Bob Fulton's broadcasts back from Tallahassee confirm that suspicion about every other El Dorado.

There is an active minority in the crowd of 10,000 or so that are concerned about the races. They are in town from New York or New Jersey, many of them are horse owners, and quite a few of them have wagered some money through New York's Off-Track Betting Corporation. In fact far more people in New York will see the race via a private telecast back North than will view it from Camden.

As the last race of the day begins, the guy next to me, leaning heavily against a rail in front of us, shouts a drunken oath at the horses: "Run, you fools, run ..." he yells, sounding very much like he belongs on the infield at Darlington.

If you have't been to Camden yet, it's probably worth the trip over. But I don't think I'll be going back. ■

--J. Walser

Music

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by Dan Harmon
HARRY CHAPIN
at Township Auditorium

Cashbox, *Cue*, *Billboard*, *Zoo World*, the L. A. *Times* and other biggies are certainly complimentary to Harry Chapin in the pre-concert propaganda sent to the press. But why are all the reviews dated 1972? I check my Palmetto State Life Insurance calendar. Yes, this is '73, almost '74. I enter the Columbia Township a little worried. Chapin is supposed to be the best song writer since Bob Dylan. The only song of his that I am familiar with is "Circle."

It is 7:45. Concert is supposed to start at eight. Why, I ponder, doesn't some group experiment with the notion of starting a concert a few minutes *early* instead of late? I also ponder why there are three hollow cores and one electric guitar lying up there onstage. This obviously means the players are not rehearsing now, so they will come out and start cold.

The warm-ups, a duo called the Dawson Boys, come on at 8:04. They were worth waiting for. Natives of Chester, S. C., they sing in a countrified drawl which thankfully is not a put-on, like lots of folk-rock drawls are. They do a couple of songs with 12- and 6-string guitars, then one of them brings out a 5-string banjo and they do a hillbilly verson of the Beatles "Hard Day's Night", then they do "Rocky Top", a sort of modern-day hillbilly standard. Let me tell you about hit banjo picker. He picks and sings at the same time. Okay. But he not only *picks* while he's singing; he *hornpipes* (does fancy runs). There are professional 5-stringers around who cannot hornpipe worth a dime, much less sing while they are attempting it.

Sadly, for me, the guy puts away his banjo and his brother mans the piano for a few numbers, then the brother plays the electric guitar for awhile. The boys blend well for the most part, and they both have good solo talent and vocal ranges. Their between-song announcing, what little there is of it, is original and unpretentious, like, "My grandfather lived to be an old man and he spent a lot of time telling me things he did...," then they sing something about the grandfather, or about something he did or said. Apparently they wrote a lot of these songs themselves. They close with a rocker titled "Rock Hill," pertaining to Rock Hill, S. C., which is interesting enough to make you want to go up there and see what all's happening. Some of the audience have heard the boys at one of their recent stints at USC's Golden Spur, and most everybody seems to like 'em, so they demand an encore. The brothers do this easy-going folk thing, something about "Lay down sleepy head, I'll sing you a song." It isn't as corny as the words make it appear.

During the "15-minute break," which lasts only 17 minutes, I'm thinking that the Chapin act is going to have to be something special, or his warm-up group will have outdone him, and wouldn't that make for terrific review writing? The stage hands bring out two folding chairs, some more acoustic guitars and another 5-string, only this 5-string does not have a resonator on the back, so it will not sound as loud; Chapin, or whoever plays banjo, must not think much of; he has to sit down to play and he doesn't want you to hear him too well on top of it.

Three guys are with Chapin. One of them is toting a cello like an oversized violin when they appear. The crowd—there are maybe 700—cheer like mad. Surprised, I start getting the feeling that I might be disappointed about Chapin being outdone by the Dawson Boyds. That cellist is unsettling. I've read about him. One paper, I believe the N.Y. *Times*, said he "adds a dimension to the music which few groups can duplicate," or something like that. Darn, darn, darn.

Chapin himself looks older than anybody else in the building, probably because he *is* older. In the first song, I get the impression that he is trying to sound folky, which is something a good folksy singer does not have to do. But he gets a hellaciously big hand at the end. He invites the spectators to come sit on the floor right in front of the stage, an area he distastefully refers to as a "moat." They do. He chats. His electric guitarist chips in a choice oath, immediately establishing rapport with the audience, and the group starts into "Greyhound." This song is marvelsouly arranged, but the cello part is buried under the noisy electric guitar and Chapin's husky voice. The cello and guitarist duet a fragment, and it doesn't live at all. Maybe it is the fault of the auditorium's acoustics.

At the end Chapin introduces the group. The audiences is amiable, and he handles them like a mod, liberal professor bantering with his students. He calls his songs "story songs". Crud, I say to myself.

"Talkin' 'Bout Love," the next song, is foolish 1950ish rock, but while they are doing it I begin to realize that Chapin's group has a tremendous amount of crude class to go along with their tremendous amount of talent. Bassist John Wallace looks like Gene Shalit (of NBC's "Today Show") a little, chews gum throughout the concert and has a vocal range from bass to soprano. Electric guitarist Ron Palmer acts like a perpetual drunk, smokes throughout the concert, and sings his part, whatever it is, very nicely. Twice during the concert Chapin will let Palmer do some short, funny country-blues ditties for spice, mostly about girls, with titles like "Experience No. 12" and "Lesson No. 26." But the standout musician is cellist Tim Scott. He's about 21 and reputedly a virtuoso. I believe it. Even at the beginning of the show he *looks* terrific. As it progresses I get accustomed to the questionable accoustics and the instrumental blend becomes apparent, though I still feel that a lot of Scott's fine points are lost in the jumble of sound. He is fascinating, and I think to myself, if this guy ever quits the group Chapin is going to have an interesting time trying to break in a replacement. Scott does not sing. We will later learn why.

It is during the lengthy and beautifully arranged "A Better Place to Be" that it strikes me who Chapin's voice has been subconsciously reminding me of all night: Frankie Laine. Stunning. I suppose he is okay, and I'm afraid to criticize him because someone in the audience might kill me.

Once Chapin picks up the banjo and breaks in "The Ballad of Jed Clampett," a Scruggs-style solo which is joined in a second verse by electric bass and audience handclapping. Without stopping Chapin moves into another banjo tune—I forget what the name is. His picking is not too refined, but it sounds original, which is an acceptable substitute. After about two minutes he puts down the banjo for the evening. But at another point he grabs a

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Rocking the night away

J. GEILS BAND
at Carolina Coliseum

About ten minutes before the J. Geils band came out for its long set at Carolina Coliseum last Saturday night, a friend and I were standing on the floor of the Coliseum speculating on how much better the concert might be if the floor seats could be ripped out and people could just come on down to the floor and dance with the band.

It was really that kind of night within the normally sedate confines of Carolina Coliseum, a hall where audience participation and feedback is usually minimal at best, and sometimes (as in the recent Chicago concert) simply non-existent.

But consecutive, well-received performances by Brownsville Station and the new James Gang (without former James Ganger Joe Walsh) had succeeded in readying the group of young folks on hand for the J. Geils' rock an' roll show.

Ever since they were kicking around the clubs and halls along the Boston-New York musical circuit, the J. Geils group has been known as a group of powerful rockers and the surprisingly large crowd on hand at the Coliseum Saturday night obviously knew what was coming.

And it was a good, professionally done show. Especially the prolific harp work of Magic Dick, who figures heavily in creating the sound which separates J. Geils from what could vaguely be considered similar bands. Keyboard player Seth Justman and drummer Stephen Bladder also deserve credit for their excellence in the face of the agressive, sometimes overwhelming guitar leads. In fact, the guitar portion of the show -- along with Wolf's frequently inaudible vocals -- were the only disappointing aspects of the concert.

Like all good, commercial rockers, J. Geils concentrated heavily on songs from their new album, *Ladies Invited*, and seemed less interested in playing some of the older songs which many in the crowd would probably have prefered. When they did – as on "Whammer Jammer" and "Looking for a Love" -- the results were usually jumbled and unsatisfactory.

But it was a good show, as audiences have been finding out for some time now about J. Geils, as the group emerges as one of the tightest American bands still on the touring scene. And if they had just let everybody down onto the floor to dance, it would've been interesting... ■

J. Walser

Vocalist Peter Wolf and the J. Geils Band

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An evening with the Philharmonic

by Dan Harmon
COLUMBIA PHILHARMONIC
at Dreher Auditorium

The Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra's second concert of the season was two weeks ago and by waiting to write I have gained the advantage of talking to observers and getting myself somewhat oriented to what I saw and heard as opposed to what we all should have seen and heard. I'll start at the top.

My notes, scribbled badly in the semi-darkness, say, "Darazs appears. Sing national anthem." Arpad Darazs is the conductor. I don't know whether or not you much dig the national anthem, but I don't think you will hear it sung more correctly than at an orchestra concert. These spectators are mostly music buffs who can and like to sing, so when they get the chance to sing the anthem along with the orchestra they spill their guts, and do quite well.

Then Darazs, who talks with an accent (Hungarian?), offers a special welcome to a group of Japanese visitors. He welcomes them in Japanese, which must sound really weird to them—an English-speaking Hungarian, or whatever, talking in Japanese, hah!

They begin with the "Russlan and Ludmilla Overture," dominated by the string sections. I recall someone telling me the orchestra is having its problems with the strings this year. In their first concert, and thus far in this one, the strings are the feature, I think. At the end the orchestra takes a bow and returns to a piano which has been wheeled onstage. They seem to enjoy retuning, doing it at every opportunity.

The pianist for the next piece, a Schumann concerto, is Perla Floridia Sumner. After the concert I will learn from others that she has been (1) the highlight of the evening and (2) a "washed-up," aging performer. Hopefully both opinions are not entirely correct. Her solo islong, and some of the bassists at the back of the stage crane their necks to watch her. Perhaps they are, like hawks, expecting some sign of her age to show—maybe she will crack. What a delight! But no. She is impassive, correct, to the end. She is also boring. Well, it's not that *she* is boring. *Schumann* is boring, and disappointing. He builds you up with promising, pretty themes, then botches them with stupid, colorless climaxes. So the solo, the solo *act*, is the only thing for me to enjoy, and I don't enjoy it, somehow. You wanna hear piano solos? Go to McMaster College, USC's Music Department, any weekday afternoon. You'll hear piano. Students, reciting their lessons for their instructors with apprehensive propriety. But how often do you get to hear, live, 29 violinists playing in unison, blended, moreover, with an 8-piece viola section, an 11-piece cello section and a small (4-piece) but talented string bass section? Pianos, bah!

Soloists, bah!, for that matter. I find this incredible: after intermission we have Linda Goldstein, a USC student, doing the *allegro non troppo* solor in a Saint-Saens violin concerto. She's a fine violinist, no doubt. But the only thing she does, all evening, is the Saint-Saens concerto. She comes out to the polite applause of the audience, does her part, gets more applause at the end, and *leaves the stage*. If she's so good, why don't they let her help out for the rest of the concert? While she gets all the glory there are violinists like Concertmaster John Bauer and Associate Concertmaster Frits de Jonge (check their credentials for yourself—de Jonge happens to be Goldstein's teacher, even) working the whole concert, *making* the concert, for peanuts. It's not fair. Later on there's another soloist, a baritone named Donald Gray. You know what he does? In the last piece of the concert he comes onstage, gets a big hand, then sits down and listens nonchalantly as the orchestra and three different choral groups perform without him for five or ten minutes. Then he stands up, does a little baritone solo, and sits down again. He listens awhile longer, stands and does another short solo section. That's it. They say he's great. I say, what a waste. I'm mad. I sang in the USC glee club one year, and one of our concerts featured a solo. But the soloist sang tenor along with the rest of us all night. He did his solo, then helped up finish out the concert. Fine. So what's the matter with Gray and Goldstein? They're not durable, is that it? I don't understand why the orchestra doesn't feel insulted and resign *en masse*. They could get jobs in Downunder Columbia or somewhere and make more money.

After intermission, Bauer leads the orchestra's first tune-up of the second half. Then Darazs comes out with Goldstein, who seems to be very pretty. Unfortunately, a tall blonde girl in front of me blocks my vision so I cannot see Goldstein preform. So I watch the cellos. There seem to be a lot of cellists up there tonight. Maybe they just have them positioned more prominently than usual. I see that the cello stalwart, Lucien de Groote, is absent. Maybe he no longer plays with the Philharmonic, and I wonder why. Maybe they have brought in more cellists to fill the void. That makes sense, but I am not sure.

I listen to Goldstein's squeaky violin a little. I'm not *criticizing* the squeaky texture—it probably is supposed to sound that way. Then my concentration wanders back to the cellos. Then it wanders to Darazs. I sense that he is one of the best community orchestra conductors in the South. Of course I don't *know* that; only a musician who has worked under him and others can compare. But—well, he *looks* like a good conductor. Lively, though he does not display the ferocity of people like Bernstein. He is like a smiling, small, half-bald schoolmaster striving to keep his pupils happy while making them learn. He will suddenly turn to his violins, stand still and erect and appear to be listening to them alone, and for a few seconds you do not notice his right hand moving slightly, keeping the time. Last month he had Governor West at the first concert, doing the narrative of Copland's "Lincoln Portrait." Darazs would conduct a stretch, and when a narrative part approached he would half turn, still conducting, and respectfully nod for the governor to start talking.

What they mostly say about Darazs is that he knows how to fill a concert hall. The auditorium tonight is at capacity. You know why? In addition to the orchestra and the squad of soloists, we will hear the USC Concert Choir, the USC Women's Choir, the USC Women's Choir (which sort of doubles as the female half of the Concert Choir), and the Airport High School Chorus. These people have parents, you see, and parents want to hear their offspring perform. I'll bet you that is the reason the lights are not dimmed for the second half of the concert; the parents in the audience must be allowed to *see* their kids sing.

After the Saint-Saens piece, the women's choir mounts the stage for Vaughan-Williams: "Magnificat." There is *another* soloist, this one mezzo-soprano Evelyn McGarrity. But unlike the younger Goldstein and Gray, she is experienced and above reproach. People respect her a lot; they don't criticize her, not even for singing solos. So I can't either.

The chorus sounds too light, or am I mistaken? She sounds great, but she doesn't look right. It's like she's doing some routine exercise in sounding good, like this is just another challenging solo. I suspect she gets bored. Orchestras are much more interesting when you see them live than when you hear them on record, but I find soloists to be just the opposite; you see them perform in person and their mannerisms disappoint you.

Unexpectedly the chorus, singing *a capella*, fades in volume perfectly to end the "Magnificat."

The orchestra tunes again (that's about the most prominent thing they seem to be doing tonight). The other choral groups come in to do Honegger's "Une Catate de Noel", which means "A Christmas Cantata." I have heard another Honegger work before, something about a train engine, and the music doesn't sound *like* a train engine, it just puts you in a strange mood that makes you *feel* like you are *observing* a train engine. This Christmas thing is sort of like that. Starts off much the same way, and it never sounds Christmasy except when they get to the variation of "Silent Night," which is some of the most interestingly written counterpart (is it three blended melodies? four?) you've ever heard. Apart from that, the only things I will remember are one guy in the men's section nervously moistening his lips just before he starts singing, and another boy, a blond with a moustache, who seems to be entirely too wrapped up in his part. He's going to strain something.

Oh, yes, the girls from Airport High sound really sweet, and they look sweet, too. When I was driving into town for the concert I was listening to Bill Benton's talk show on the radio and he was interviewing some lady who was president of a Columbia group of businesswomen. It turned out she didn't have a lot to talk about. Toward the end of the interview they were just talking about her trip to the club's national convention in Hawaii, and Benton was asking her things like, "How long did it take you to fly there from Columbia?" and "Did they show a movie on board the plane?" I mention this for contrast. Yes. ■

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12-string guitar and sings a folk-comedy, "Twelve String Orchestrar," about how awful his guitar picking is. No comment.

Chapin's concert atmosphere is typified, I think, by his performance of "Mail-Order Annie." I do not think much of the song itself. But to introduce it he sits down on the edge of the stage, legs dangling down, almost touching the people below. Holding a mike and a harmonica, he stays down there to sing the thing, starting with a harmonica intro, then forgetting the harmonica (he really plays it well) and just singing. He's got to have his children right in front of him, entertaining them, I observe disgustedly. But later on I will not be feeling that way exactly. I have to concede it: He entertains.

Harry Chapin

Getting near the end of the show. They do another comedy, this one a long ballad about a truck driver who is hauling "about 30,000 pounds of bananas". Features Wallace's booming bass voice on the punch lines. I realize that the group's sound has all come together in my ears, and all of them have proven themselves to be polished musicians, and significantly, polished entertainer-actors. But I contend that it is the arranging that keeps the group in business.

"Sniper" is the last song of the regular concert. I've read about it, and it turns out to be everything the flyers say. It is a delving into the psyche of a real-life crazed sniper in Texas. Harsh, very vivid.

Now comes the dumb part. After "Sniper" the group bows and runs offstage. Cheers bring them back quickly, and they sit down and do "Circle," the song everyone has been waiting for all night! What a gimmick. Chapin's vocal version is repulsive compared to other recorders of the song, like the New Seekers. He gets the audience to sing, and they also stand up and clap along in time. Then he stops the music and gets Scott, who is cello-less for the encore, to take over a microphone and sing a solo chorus. I don't think I will be able to describe it. Scott gets a good-natured big hand, then the crowd starts clapping in time again, this time really noisily, as they wrap the song up.

Chapin has been onstage for about two hours.

On the way out some nut takes a metal "check room" sign from the lobby and tries to conceal it as he goes out the door, but he accidentally drops it clanging on the steps, and the people around him laugh and snicker.

Curious climax. ■

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UPSTAIRS AUDIO

Cinema: An old-fashioned love story

by Julie Britt Byrum

THE WAY WE WERE
With Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford
At the Palmetto Theatre

What can someone hate about a bittersweet old-fashioned romance replete with beautiful scenery, beautiful people, beautiful clothes, beautiful love scenes, and one of the sketchiest screenplays ever to waste the talents of two of the biggest box-office draws in the country?

The Way We Were was a novel by Arthur Laurents which didn't cause a great stir, but to the people who read it, it was a reasonable account of two people trying to make a go of their relationship and themselves at a time when this country was in a period of great change. The story begins at a Northern co-ed college in the late 1930s and ends in New York City in the early sixties—thus encompassing the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the McCarthy hearings on communism, especially in the movie industry, and the pre-Test Ban Treaty "Ban the Bomb" days. The focal point of the story is the relationship of two people completely different in lifestyle, background and approach to life and how it should be lived. The story is told with great sensitivity and throughness to both sides of a crucial and familiar question: can a man and a woman enjoy personal freedom and honesty and still remain together. As completely as possible, author Laurents explored he two characters, Katie Morosky, a Jewish leftist-leaning, freedom-crusading, totally involved person, and Hubbell Gardner, a golden boy who with a knowledge of his one major flaw, made the best of himself within the limits of his WASP character, to give the reader an insight into the complexities of marriage and love between two so different in motivation. With Laurents' screen adaptation of his own book he has not succeeded half so well

The film suffers from too little emphasis on the very same important things that were dealt with so successfully in the book. The romantic aspects of Hubbell and Katie's relationship are heightened and emphasized so much that when the two finally go their separate ways, the viewer almost wonders how they could have left each other when they were so obviously affectionate and loving. The true reasons why these two could not make it are only touched upon sketchily in only three scenes in the film while the sentiment parades all through it. The fault here lies squarely on Arthur Laurents, or perhaps, as the film's internal story suggests, with the director and the producer. Laurents has sold out, apparently, in order to make a film that would sell, sell, sell to the American public—a public grown weary and battered by the violence and bestial sex and hard times of recent cinema but which has not had enough films which dealt with the frailties of the basic-two relationship which all of us come into contact with at some point in our lives.

As Katie, Barbra Streisand moves easily from her rather caricatural loud-mouthings, wisecracking *yenta* into a woman plagued by the dilemma of whether to let herself be an independent person or to sublimate her

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Kennedy and "Executive Action"

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equal schools. Chosen, it was said.

About 20 minutes later the loudspeaker hummed again and the still more somber voice of the principal spoke again, simply. "The President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, died this afternoon in a Dallas hospital..." Again no tears, but hardly any clapping, more silence. My mother picked me up at school, dropped me at home and left to do errands. I watched alone, not really sadly, but more with a sense of fright, at the events on television. Even Walter Cronkite could not control them.

The clapping at the school was born less of malice than of inherited political emotion. Like father, like son, and all that. In 1963, the father of a friend of mine kicked in the screen of his television set because he hated "Martin Luther Coon" so much, and there he was again. And Kennedy made friends with King, with the blacks who theatened to usurp white schools, white jobs, white institutions, and white daughters. Basically, the children had inherited the hate of their fathers, born out of ignorance. The hate for Kennedy was not understood by most of the young, but hardly questioned.

I remember election night of 1960 (I was 10 years old) when it became apparent that Kennedy was going to beat Nixon. My father stood up angrily from his blue couch and walked to his bedroom. "They have beaten us," he said. I remember it because I did not know—but did not yet question—who "they" and "us" were. (In 1972, at age 60, my father actively opposed the war and supported McGovern. We've all come a long way since 1960).

*****

It is ten years after and most of what can be said about Kennedy has been. The newspapers devote the Sunday feature fronts to Kennedy's life and his death. Each network has its "Kennedy Retrospective", most, like the CBS attempt, incomplete and jammed tight. Either fact without reflection or sentiment without fact. Everyone suddenly is paying for purchases with Kennedy half-dollars. Or does it just seem that way? Even *TV Guide* carries a full page ad for "special Lincoln-Kennedy pennies," the normal Lincoln cent with a miniature engraving of Kennedy's head added. You get two for a dollar, plus a bonus card with amazing facts about the similarities of their assassinations. H. L. Mencken said it: "No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public."

But there is some thoughtful reminiscence of the man—as a man and as a President. It is the mode to say he was a better man than he was a President, that his style was better than his performance. In fact, his style is about all the revisionist-historians will applaud. And fairly or unfairly, this is what Kennedy meant to most Americans, to those millions who put him in office, he seemed youthful, hopeful, honest, and trustworthy. And he died too young, too suddenly, too unfairly, and therefore tragically. Ten years later, after a decade of trying to forget, there are still many who on a late sleepless night wonder how and why it was that one man, Lee Harvey Oswald, plotted and executed to perfection the assassination of the President again such overwhelming odds. It is the type of questioning of the unknown and probably unknowable, the sensing of an undefinable "they" and "us" that leads to thoughts of conspiracies.

Executive Action is a film about the assassination of President Kennedy, made, of course, for the purpose of making money. Its method of drawing the crowds to make the money is by raising again many of the questions, the loose ends, the details that never added up, to all of us who bought and tried to read the dark blue one-volume summary of the Warren Report, and then settled for reading Mark Lane's theses.

The film is billed as historical fiction. The plot is basically woven around a conspiring group of business executives (well-played by Will Geer, Robert Ryan, and Burt Lancaster) plotting away in a Virginia country estate. By the summer of 1963, they have come to fear a Kennedy Administration sellout to the Communists, to labor, to blacks, all detrimental to the interests of big business and therefore the nation. The mood is set effectively through a well-chosen series of documentary film clips: Kennedy supporting the nuclear test-ban treaty, supporting Martin Luther King, threatening to withdraw from Vietnam.

Their motives established, the executives are shown plotting the murder, acting as agents to create a situation and timing that will permit the assassination, a situation and a timing that the Warren Commission would find coincidental. The film returns to some serious questions, serious why's and how's concerning the assassination.

Why would Oswald, with his U. S. undercover agent background, want to kill Kennedy? How could he have killed Kennedy, how could he have fired four times in 5.6 seconds from such a range and hit Kennedy at least twice? Why did the motorcade take that route? Why didn't the FBI check out Oswald before the shooting? Why did witnesses think shots had come from other directions than the school book depository? Why did Oswald say publicly he was a "patsy"? Why were there no records kept of the hours of questioning of Oswald by Dallas police? Why did the telephones in Washington break down? just after the shooting? Why did Ruby shoot Oswald and how did he get through the security?

The film has some flaws, basically the problems of any attempt at historical fiction: the viewer occasionally wonders which crucial element in the plot is fiction and which is fact. It does, however, weave much of the circumstantial evidence tossed aside in the Warren Commission explanation into a story that is not implausible. To jog the average viewer's memory, the film makers have provided an impressive eight-page sheet documenting much of the information in the film.

The documentary style of much of the film is excellent and somewhat reminiscent of *Z*, though the sound track isn't as compelling. The news clips of Oswald characterize him as less of the illiterate Arthur Bremmer type than many probably remember. The use of the Zapruder films of the Kennedy motorcade is more effective as a climax-builder than any simulated film could be.

And the final attempt of the film makers is to leave the viewer with the feeling that it is more difficult to believe that Oswald acted alone than to believe that all the unanswered questions have no connection. They do a good job, in the final, somewhat overstated comment, the film-makers offer:

"In the three-year period which followed the murder of President Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald, eighteen material witnesses died—six by gunfire, three in motor accidents, two by suicide, one from a cut throat, one from a karate chop to the neck, three from heart attacks, and two from natural causes.

"An actuary, engaged by the London *Sunday Times* concluded that on November 22, 1963, the odds against these witnesses being dead by February 1967 were one hundred thousand trillion to one."

*****

It is difficult, and probably absurd to attempt, not to look back at what those two and one half years of Kennedy-King Arthur rule meant to this country. It was to be a Camelot time of course, when hopeful enlightened rationality would lead us away from poverty, prejudice, and toward peace. Still in the honeymoon of his Presidency, Kennedy was yet to feel the full furor of the press or his critics, despite the Bay of Pigs, despite his humbling before Krushchev in Vienna, despite the failure of his civil rights initiatives in Congress. He was yet to decide the future of the United States in Vietnam, and therefore the domestic future of this country in the mid to late sixties.

He did not have to face that war and the resulting mistrust of this country for a Johnson or a Nixon. The demonstrations of his years, which were for civil rights, were on his side, unlike the antiwar demonstrations which toppled Johnson from office and turned Nixon into a spying paranoid.

The revelations of the past year of what governmental conspiracies through executive action are capable of—as in the case of the connivings and cover-ups of the Watergate affairs, or the increasingly rumored cover-up of the facts of the Kent State murders—heighten the plausibility of a Kennedy assassination plot. One feels he would be naive now to completely disregard the possibility. As Hunter Thompson put it after the Watergate Hearings about bugged phones: "I never want to hear the word paranoid again."

But beyond the conspiracy, beyond the retrospectives, it is impossible to ignore the film clips of the youthful, the challenging, the hopeful Kennedy. One must wonder about the difference in that age and this one: the difference between a President Kennedy who could say, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country," and a President Nixon who can say, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for yourself." ■

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"The Best of the New York Erotic Film Festival". A recent viewer really liked this collection of featurettes and shorts, but go at your own risk. Continuous performances from 3:30 p.m. daily. Rated X.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Cleopatra Jones" with Tamara Dobson. This is the second time around for this black female James Bond breaking up dope rings. Times at 1:00, 2:40, 4:20, 6:00, 7:40, and 9:20 p.m. Rated PG.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Executive Action," with Robert Ryan and Burt Lancaster about the conspiracy to assassinate John F. Kennedy. Good viewing. Rated PG. Times at 2:00, 3:45, 5:30, 7:15, 9:00.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"That Darn Cat." Walt Disney strikes again with family entertainment. Rated G. Times at 1:45, 4:00, 6:15, and 8:30 p.m.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Cops and Robbers" with Cliff Gorman ("Lenny on Broadway") and Joseph Bologna. Rated PG-Comedy. Times at 1:00, 2:40, 4:20, 6:00, 7:40, and 9:20 p.m.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"A Collection of Charlie Chaplin Classics." Plaudits to the Irvin-Fuller Theatres and the Columbia Fine Films Association for bringing Columbians this fine treat. Now showing: "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "The Pilgrim." The program will be changing, so call the theatre for details. Times are 2:00, 4:10, 6:20, and 8:30 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"Walking Tall". Yeccchhhhh. And you don't owe it to yourself to see it...Times are 2:40, 4:50, 7:00, and 9:10 p.m. Rated R.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, 1801 Main Street, 254-6731

"The Deadly Trackers" with Richard Harris and Rod Taylor. Blood, guts, grief, and vengeance haunt this as yet unseen film. Rated PG. Times at 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, and 9:00 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1226 Main Street, 256-1950

"American Graffiti" will be running for the fifth big week here in the Capitol City. Times at 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, and 9:20 p.m. Rated PG.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"The Way We Were." Starring Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford. If you love sentimental romances, this one is for you. See our review on page ten of this issue. Rated PG. Times at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Don't Look in the Basement" is a horror film, we guess. The ad says not to faint. Hmmm. Rated R so there's some skin and blood. Times at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9:00 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"Charley Varrick" with Walter Matthau. We love Walter, so this flick is probably pretty good. Rated PG, but not for children. Times at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

CAMPUS FILMS

All films at the University of South Carolina's Russell House Theatre begin at 7 and 9:30 p.m. **and are free to University students, administrators, faculty and their guests unless otherwise indicated.**

Sunday, November 25

"D. W. Griffith Biograph Festival" (U. S. A., 1909-12). With the arrival of Griffith to the studios, Biograph received a badly needed stimulus. The productivity was impressive, but even more so were the advances Griffith made in the art of the motion picture. Included here are "The Lonedale Operator" and "The Musketeers of Pig Alley". 77 minutes.

Monday, November 26

"Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (U. S. A., 1956). Directed by Dpn Segal. With Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter. One of the finest science-fiction films ever made. The film draws its power from a personal view rather than the typical "mutated monster gone amuck" style so prevalent in the fifties. Released after the McCarthy hearings, the film has been called an allegory on Communist takeover. 80 minutes. Check theatre for showtimes.

"Gorgo" (United Kingdom, 1961). A classic parody on all the prehistoric monster films. One such beast is captured and put on exhibit in Piccadilly Circus. Unknown to the citizens is the fact that their captive is only a baby and that a frantic mama is looking for him. The film shows that motherly love is tronger than the combined electricl output of London. 76 minutes. Check theatre for showtimes.

Tuesday, November 27

"The Forbidden Planet" (U. S. A. 1956). With Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis. A highly intelligent and large budgeted film focusing on the disappearance of a group of earthlings on a distant planet, a strange, unknown powerful force, and a robot that makes grain alcohol. This was the first film to use a totally electronic musical score. Animated effects by Walt Disney Studios. 98 Minutes.

Wednesday, November 28

"Night After Night" (U. S. A., 1932) With Mae West, and George Raft. Tough guy Raft plays an even tougher bartender but is outstaged by West in her screen debut. 75 minutes.

Thursday and Friday, November 29 and 30

"Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex...But Were Afraid to Ask". (U. S. A., 1972) Directed by Woody Allen. With Woody Allen, Gene Wilder, and Burt Reynolds. A series of vignettes covering a wide area of specific subject matter, ranging from comic genius to bana,lity. 88 minutes. $1.00.

Sunday, December 2

"Gertrud" (Denmark, 1964). Directed by Carl Dreyer. This has a simple thesis; a woman, who demands the total devotion of the men she loves. The men, however, disagree—one has political ambitions, another's work interferes. 115 minutes.

Monday, December 3

"White Heat" (U. S. A., 1949). Directed by Raoul Walsh. The story of a very tough gangster and his even tougher moll. Jimmy Cagney ends up surrounded by police on top of an oil tower waving his gun at the sky and shouting "Come down with your hands up! Ya hear that Mom! Ha ha ha ha." Weird, really. 114 minutes.

Tuesday, December 4

"Witchcraft Through the Ages" (Sweden, 1921) A rare film which traces diabolism through the Middle Ages to modern times. Its Black Masses, stomach turning detail, and frequent nudity caused its banning in most countries. 74 minutes.

theatre

A Touch of the Poet premiere's at Workshop Theatre on November 27. This play was O'Neill's last complete, full-length work and is one of his powerful tragedies from his last writing period. Workshop observes the 20th anniversary of Eugene O'Neill's death with this production. Featured in the cast are excellent Columbia performers Hal Buckley, Mary Arnold Garvin, and Malie Bruton. Directed by Jennifer Atkinson, call the Theatre box office for ticket details at 252-5756.

art

Jay Bardin one of Columbia's favorite artists who is also well known in New York and Paris is showing his paintings at Betsy Havens Aesthetics on Gervais Street through November 28. When you finish viewing Jay's work, browse through Betsy's beautiful contemporary shop. Eat your hearts out... Also at Betsy's for viewing on November 30, is her Christmas collection of jewelry, pottery and paintings, prints, and drawings. Betsy has assembled a collection of the works of some of Columbia's (and the U. S.'s) finest artists. The artists are Bill Jameson, Ronald Pearson, and Sam Ross, showing their original jewelry; John Davis, Geff Reed, and Tom Turner showing their pottery; and J. Bardin, Warren Johnson, Bruce Milletto, Phil Mullen and Boyd Saunders showing their drawings, paintings and prints. The big star of the show is Jasper Johns, a former Columbian who is now become quite famous in New York and the West Coast for his unusual serigraphs and prints. Come out to see them, Betsy will be glad to show you around.

Catawba Pottery and Cagus Artists will be on view at the Columbia Museum of Art on November 25 and NOvember 27, respectively, through December 9. Come and see this collection of early Indian trade pottery at the Corridor and Trustees Gallery at the Museum on the corner of Senate and Bull Streets.

Architectural Thesis Exhibit is on view at Clemson University's Rudolph Lee Gallery. This show is composed of examples of student work in the College of Architecture. If you're interested and are up that way, the gallery is open from 8 a.m.—4:30 p.m. weekdays and Sunday from 1-4 p.m.

The Guild of South Carolina Craftsman show will open on November 30 at the Richland Art School behind the Columbia Museum of Art on Gervais Street. If you like pottery, wood sculpture, etc., this is something you don't want to miss. Call the Museum for details.

specials

The Greatest Show on Earth or anywhere else for that matter is coming to earth (or sky) this week. Beginning December 1, the brightest comet of the century, Kahoutek, will be visible with the naked eye in Columbia, about an hour before sunrise. Take a look a little less than 30 degrees south of where the sun will rise, and you ought to see it.

If you miss it this week, don't worry. It should be visible through January. But try to get a look at it sometime, because it won't be back for 75,000 years.

Holiday Fair will be presented in Greenville from November 30-December1. This is a giant community bazaar held at Textile Hall and if you like browsing around and are up that way—go to it.

A Holiday Creations Workshop will be sponsored by the U.S.C. Division of Educational Services on December 1 in the Campus Room of Capstone House. Taught by horticulturist Grady Wright, the workshop will consist of two demonstrated lectures, one in the morning and another in the afternoon on holiday decorations with the emphasis of the use of native and inexpensive materials. Tuition is $6 for both sessions or $4 for one sesson. If you're interested, contact the Division of Educational Services, U. S. C., Columbia, S. C. 29205 or call 777-2589.

Twentieth Century Wilderness, a film by Tom Sterling about creatures which once were numerous and now are dying out. The Columbia Audubon Society is sponsoring this film in cooperation with the University of South Carolina. It will be presented on November 28 at the U.S.C. Business Administration School Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Call Ann Jennings at 776-0762 or write the Society at P. O. Box 5923, Columbia, S. C. 29250 for this film and the rest of their series on the best in the world's wildlife as well as the best in environmental thinking available.

Terry Sanford former governor of North Carolina and present president of Duke University and well-known humanitarian and liberal New South person will speak at the Eighth Annual Richland County Democractic Luncheon on Tuesday, November 27 at 1:00 p.m. in the Millwood Room of the Hotel Wade Hampton. Individual tickets are $25.00 and $5 for students and are available through the South Carolina Democratic Party. Get your reservation by calling 254-7639.

The Carolina Carillon, the Governor's annual Carolighting ceremony will be presented on Sunday, November 26 at the State House steps. There will be a statewide chorus of 3,000 voices and a Christmas parade will be presented to launch the Christmas season at 6 p.m. The ceremony starts at 5 p.m.; and if this doesn't get you into the Christmas spirit, nothing will.

concerts

Al Green in concert at Carolina Coliseum at 8:00 p.m. on Sunday, November 25. Ticket prices for the newest crooner are $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50 abd are available at the Coliseum Box Office and all other Coliseum ticket outlets.

The Allman Brothers Band the greatest grit-hip group ever comes to Columbia on November 30 at Carolina Coliseum. Show time is 8:30 p.m. and tickets can be had for $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50 on sale at all Coliseum ticket outlets.

continued from page ten

desires in order to keep the peace in her home and her husband. She portrays Katie as a woman hopelessly in love with the American Dreamboat, a woman with all the self-denials and high expectations that so many women are forced to deal with. She is funny in the first part of the movie, playing Katie, the president of the Young Communist League with all the comedic ability of her Fanny Brice in "Funny Girl": her nasal accent, her witty, contemptuous asides about Fascists and decadence and ceaseless frivolity. Her humor is a balm to the wounds of being ostracized by the prevailing WASP sorority-fraternity society in which she has no place. Katie in college and during the war in the early portion of her relationship with Hubbell is sometimes sadly looking into a world which she can never be a part of and which, towards her self-awakening in the latter part of the film, realizes that she does not want to be a part of. Streisand has a truly fine moment in one later scene when she as Katie goes through all the pain and retrospection and wishful thinking of all of us when faced with a close relationship is coming to an inevitable end.

Robert Redford, surprisingly, has softened his swagger and unstuck his voice to suddenly become a real person in this particular film. He is soft-voiced, easy-going, flexible and sincere in contrast to the stock, he-man, cool-baby image that he sells all too well. He plays Hubbell the college hero and makes his trait of never truly being young in some aspects and never really growing up in others believable to the audience. He is a man to whom things come too easily: popularity, women, the American vision of success—or so intimates the short story he writes in college which explains his awareness of himself to himself and to Katie. Hubbell is aware of himself, he knows who he is—he knows his weaknesses and his tragic flaw—everything comes too easily, he need not ever expend too much energy to get anything he wants, thus, apathy. With Streisand, Redford achieves just the right sense of helplessness in showing her (or rather trying to show her) that he has never been nor ever will be the man she has always believed and wanted him to be, all to no avail. He gives the audience insight into a man crippled by hopes and dreams that are long past, who cannot see any future for himself except compromise and more compromise, in love, in his work writing, and in his own evaluations of himself.

The combination of these stars is electric. Their love scenes will soothe many a moviegoer with their soft lights, muted and sensual sounds, and gentle caresses in comparison with the animalistic, apathetic near-rapes that dominate sex on he big screen. Watching the film, the audiences feels that these two people, through the magic of the actors, truly care for each other, that when they make love together it is born of love and not momentary lust. When Streisand and Redford are together in the movie, their eyes seem warm and open, suggesting that the two people they portray really love—unlike Streisand's "Helly Dolly" where Walter Matthau even in his most "tender" moments looked as if he could easily kill her. Together Redford and she are an unusual visual treat for an audience—his classic handsomeness set against her zoftig, exotic appeal. They're a great team, even in a less than well-done film, and film producers aren't likely to forget their impact in planning future projects.

So we're left with the incomplete screenplay of an overly romantic and unrealistic film, but I really liked it. Being an incurable romantic, I enjoy occasional films in which I can go home with a lump in my throat and then promptly forget about it rather than be haunted by so many of the gut-issue films the companies are churning out today. It's a refreshing change, so have yourself some popcorn, settle in comfortably in the seat, and then have a good cry.

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